

**The Evening World.**  
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**BERLIN'S G. OUCH.**  
WITH the gathering of our armies and fleets in the neighborhood of Mexico comes the usual Berlin complaint of our aggressiveness. The press of that city discusses the situation in what the despatches describe as "a sabre rattling tone." The organ of the larger financial interests of Germany is quoted as saying: "It is certain that since the summer of 1910 Americans, with their usual unscrupulousness, have been exerting themselves to secure the annexation of Central American States and now also Mexico."

The "grouch" disclosed in this display of temper is an outcome of the new world politics of plutocracy, and especially of German plutocracy. German enterprise and migration have built up large interests in Latin America, and naturally the Germans would prefer to have those interests protected by the Kaiser rather than by the President of the United States.

Once upon a time a French Emperor undertook to protect foreign interests in Mexico. The experiment was costly. Berlin financiers had better leave it to Taft.

**SKIMMED MILK AT HARVARD.**

STRANGE is the story from Cambridge that Harvard's lofty dining halls have been serving skimmed milk to her aspiring and haughty "men."

"Can such things be and overcome us like a summer's cloud without our special wonder?" That there was a time when Harvard as an all nourishing mother of students and scholars fed her successive classes on mush and milk we know. Is not the fact chronicled in the lives of Adams and Quincy and Russell and Lowell, and many another poet, philosopher and statesman? But at least the milk was fresh and sweet and whole. It was neither skimmed, skimmed nor sophisticated. It was worthy both of the mush it covered and the mouths it fed.

But now that Harvard has become the luxurious, voluptuous mother of athletes; now that her sons are dandies; now that her halls are palaces and her dormitories are a Gold Coast, she has to skim her milk to meet the cost of living!

Such petty economies among princes are but too common. The incident is sad only because Harvard thought she was getting cream.

**FRANKLIN'S METHOD.**

MAYOR GAYNOR, in his letter to Gov. Dix on the Senatorial contest, said the contending factions should come to an agreement by yielding "a little here and there." He concluded by asking, "Why cannot that be done?"

Under the circumstances the question was curious. It gave a weak and impotent conclusion where the public expected vigor and potency. Naturally it occasioned remark and seemingly failed to strengthen the hands of the Governor in the contest that threatens in a large measure to discredit his leadership in his party.

But in reply to a Socialist who challenges him to debate the Mayor cited Benjamin Franklin as authority for saying that the best way "to convince another is to state your case moderately and then scratch your head or shake it a little and say that is the way it seems to you."

If you go at him in a tone of positiveness and arrogance you only make an opponent of him."

That Franklin's method was excellent when Franklin used it was indisputable, but—did Franklin ever argue with Murphy or Sheehan?

**WAITING THE MILLENNIUM.**

GEORGE W. PERKINS has been addressing to a commercial congress in Atlanta a plea for the establishment of a national "Supreme Court of Business" to decide all issues of corporations and trusts.

By way of persuasion he said: "The millennium has not yet arrived, but no thoughtful man will deny that there has been a great awakening of the business conscience in recent years."

The "thoughtful man" whom that phrase finds with leisure to think about it will have a quarter of an hour of pleasant thoughts. Hardly anything could contribute more to the sober gaiety that haunts the recesses of a reflective mind than an undisturbed meditation upon the recent awakening of the business conscience as exemplified in the conversation, conduct and career of Mr. Perkins and all his colleagues, companions, collaborators, conspirators and cohorts.

Still it is to be conceded that due allowance must be made for the sad but self-evident facts that the millennium isn't here yet and Mr. Perkins is young.

**Letters From the People**

**"What Are They Coming To?"**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Just a few lines about our women. What are they coming to? It seems to me they are not satisfied to be just womanly women, but are trying to be as near like men as possible. They are sometimes smoking in public, they are entering politics, and some are now wearing bare shirt trousers. The costumes already worn by some women are really enough to make the rest of us protest. I dare say, however, there are a few of us who do not adopt such freakish fashions. I often wonder what the women will be wearing next. What do other readers think of this?  
MRS. C.

**The Percentage Problem.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The Percentage Problem reads as follows:  
"I bought goods at \$1.20 a yard. How much shall I mark them in order to give a discount of 10 per cent. and still make a profit of 20 per cent.?" First we have to find the selling price. This can be done by taking 30 per cent. of \$1.20, which is 36 cents. Adding this 36 cents to the cost of the goods, we get \$1.56. This is the selling price. Now we have to find the discount. This can be done by taking 10 per cent. of \$1.56, which is 15.6 cents. Subtracting this 15.6 cents from the selling price, we get \$1.40. This is the price at which the goods are to be marked per yard. Therefore \$1.40 is the answer.  
JAMES SULLIVAN.

**No.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Was the year 1909 a leap year?  
Midletown, Conn.  
SUD.

**Why Is Sheehan?**  
By Maurice Ketten.

WHY IS SHEEHAN?  
SEE NEXT DOOR  
INSURGENTS

WHY IS SHEEHAN?  
SEARCH ME - SEE NEXT DOOR  
THE CAUCUS

WHY IS SHEEHAN?  
DON'T KNOW - INQUIRE NEXT DOOR  
TAMMANY

WHY IS SHEEHAN?  
DON'T ASK ME - NEXT DOOR  
RYAN

WHY IS SHEEHAN?  
?  
WALL STREET  
BEAT IT!

**Is There or Is There Not an Invisible Guest In the Jarr Household? It Is a Dark Mystery**

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).  
By Roy L. McCordell.  
"I'll show you who's boss of this house!" cried Mr. Jarr, angrily. "It is hardly necessary to give Mr. Jarr's remarks in full. The peroration as quoted above is sufficient to show that they were heated. 'But I don't see why you turn against my mother after all these years!' said Mrs. Jarr, sobbingly. 'That's just it!' was the reply. 'And that's why I do. After all these years of that old battle-axe's trouble-making!'"

body else we know—the Stryvers, the Ranges, the Hickets, the Jenkinses, and—well, everybody, without developing any animosity, no matter how we agree or disagree about them. But let the topic be Old Lady Jarr-in-the-Face of Brooklyn and it might as well be religion or politics or rich American girls marrying broken-down foreign noblemen. Who? The spark hits the powder, away goes self-restraint and common courtesy, war medicine is brewed and the battle is on and the blood is flowing and the weapons are clashing and the wounded are shrieking and—"

How far Mr. Jarr's descriptive eloquence would have carried him will never be known, because Mrs. Jarr looked at him defiantly and said "Hush!"

"I beg pardon! What did you say?" "I said 'Hush!' and I mean 'Hush!'" replied Mrs. Jarr. "No one danced any war dances but you, nobody shrieked but you. I simply said that mamma was coming for a few days, because I have a lot of sewing to do for the children, and she's promised to help me. And you go stark, raving mad."

"You called her a war whoop—now battleships! And it's all the same, and you can't deny it. My dear mamma a battleship! The idea!"

"Battleship, axe, battle AXE," said Mr. Jarr. "And the term is a compliment. What does she do when she comes over here? She starts us to quarreling!"

"You started to quarrel with me just now, and she isn't here yet, is she?" "That's just it," said Mr. Jarr. "The mere mention of her name and hostility begins; the war clouds are out, the troops are mobilized on the border, two hundred and ten rounds of ammunition are served each man, stocks fall, gold goes higher, there is activity at Red Cross headquarters, General Wood jumps out of the War Department windows, Rhinelanders Waldo orders to lead a regiment, Roosevelt lectures in San Antonio, Sheehan announces he will stick the war spirit through the nation, peaceful homes are disrupted, families are broken!"

"Oh, you talk too much!" "But to the point and purpose," said Mr. Jarr. "When there is distance between your dear mamma and me, coldness between you and herself—then all is peace and joy. But when she comes here the house is torn with discord, the children are uncontrollable, Gertrude packs up and gets out, you are rude and suspicious, I am raged at till I am in a rage, and all is fuss and fighting and grouch and growling!"

"No one is fussing or fighting but you. No one is growling or grouch but you. Besides yourself," said Mrs. Jarr. "I am beside myself, all right, all right," declared Mr. Jarr. "And I say right to you that your mother shouldn't come here for one day or two days, or for any space of time whatever! I've made up my mind to that, and it's settled. You hear what I say!"

But that night he never came in till long past midnight, and he crept silently to bed, and in the morning stole out to the MORE IMPORTANT spirit of peace that smooths the path trod by man and woman together.

The atmosphere of domesticity may ever be kept clear and invigorating by continuous effort to: OVERLOOK THE TRIFLES THAT IF ARGUED BECOME MAGNIFIED.

**Shakespeare's Love Stories**  
By ALBERT PAYSON TERPUNNE.

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VIOLA AND ORSINO.—In "Twelfth Night."

VIOLA and Sebastian were twin sister and brother. So alike were they that, save for their dress, they could not be distinguished one from the other.

Once, when they were on a sea voyage from Messina, their ship went to pieces off the Illyrian coast. Viola was carried ashore by the captain, but could find no trace of her brother.

The better to secure herself from insult, she put on a suit of boy's clothes. Thus disguised, she sought service at the Duke of Illyria's court. The young Duke, Orsino, felt strangely attracted to the supposed lad; and made Viola his confidential page. Orsino was hopelessly in love with the Countess Olivia, a beautiful heiress, who not only scorned his suit, but even refused to receive his messengers.

And now began a tangle of complications. Viola had fallen in love with Orsino. Yet he not only pined for her endless praises of Olivia, but resolved to use his new page as go-between to plead his suit with the unyielding Countess.

Sorrowfully enough, poor Viola set out for Olivia's house to urge her master's cause. But, at sight of her, Olivia promptly fell in love with the supposed page.

In other words, Viola loved Orsino. Orsino loved Olivia, and Olivia loved Viola, whom, in page's dress, she mistook for a man. Of the unhappy trio, Viola alone held the key to the secret.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a rejected suitor of Olivia's, sought to force a quarrel on Viola, as a dangerous rival. Were Orsino to know that his page had unwittingly won Olivia's heart instead of forwarding the Duke's own courtship, Viola would assuredly be condemned to death. Lovely, loving in vain, her life in peril, her brother lost, she was the unhappy maid in all Illyria.

One day, as she was leaving Olivia's house, she was attacked by Sir Andrew, who tried to make her fight. She escaped, in mortal fear. A little later Sir Andrew met Sebastian, who had been rescued from the wreck and had come to Illyria in search of his sister. Mistaking Sebastian for Viola, Sir Andrew renewed the attack. But Olivia, who happened to be passing, threw herself between the combatants, and ordered Sir Andrew away. Then, turning to Sebastian, whom she, too, mistook for Viola, the Countess renewed her protestations of love.

This time, to her delight, she was not repulsed. Sebastian, finding a young and beautiful woman making ardent love to him, was only too glad to reciprocate that strange infatuation. They went together to Olivia's house. There, the Countess, to guard against some new change of mind on her lover's part, sent at once for a priest. And she and Sebastian were married.

An hour or two afterward Orsino, with Viola and some other attendants, came to Olivia to speak in his own behalf. To the Duke's horror, Olivia tenderly addressed Viola as her husband. Viola, in amazement, denied she had married Olivia. The Countess brought forward the priest, who declared he had performed the ceremony. Orsino turned on Viola in fury, denouncing the page as a vile traitor to a kind master.

Just then Sebastian appeared. To the astonishment of every one, the two "pages" so much alike that none could tell which was which—rushed into each other's arms.

Then, little by little, the truth came out. Olivia was evidently a woman who could adapt herself easily to new conditions. For she was quite content to accept Sebastian as her husband.

The Duke, too, was so deeply touched by Viola's silent devotion to himself that his heart suddenly turned from Olivia to the gentle girl who had so long loved him. Viola, who seems to have been satisfied with any portion of his love that she could get, eagerly accepted his "warmed-over" affection and consented to become his wife.

(NEXT—Othello and Desdemona.)

**The Day's Good Stories**

**Could Not Deny It.**  
"I'll ask you," said the lawyer, who was used to being asked by the testimony of a witness, "if you have ever been indicted for the crime of being a liar?" "I never have," said the witness.

"Have you ever been arrested on a charge of being a liar?" "Never." "Well, have you ever been suspected of committing a crime?" "I'd rather not answer that question."

"It's your own fault," said the lawyer. "You would rather not. I thought so. I must need your answer in a few minutes. Have you ever been suspected of crime?" "Yes, sir, often. Every time I come home from a trip abroad, the customs inspectors at New York suspect me of being a smuggler." (Chicago Tribune.)

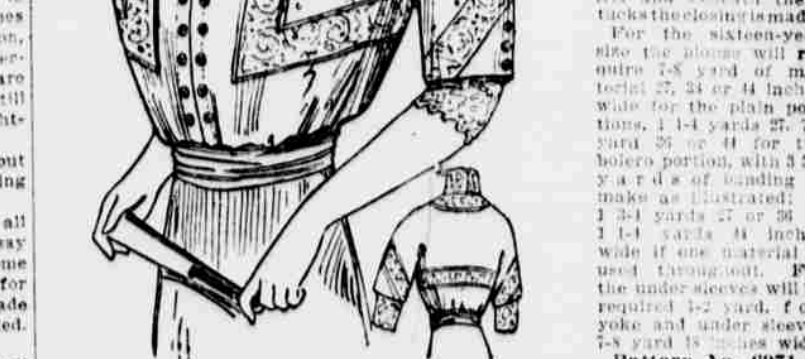
**A Woman's Way.**  
A PROMINENT banker in this city was talking the other day of the follies of some of his female friends. "I'm as much a widower, ma'am, as it is possible for a man to be who has never married," said the banker.

"I never have," said the witness.

**Circumlocutory.**  
THE late Judge Craig Roberts, who was a member of the Baltimore club, said of himself in a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, "I had in court a little of indirect and roundabout witness."

"Speak up, speak up," he once said to the defendant in a trial. "Answer with a plain yes or no. Why, sir, you remind me of that old saw, 'I am a member of the Baltimore club.'"

**May Manton Fashions**



THE blouse and sleeves are cut in one. When two materials are used they are joined at the waist. The front edges are finished with tucks which meet at the center and form a pocket. The blouse is made of one material throughout. Sleeves are cut in one with the body portion and a tuck is made in the center of the sleeve. The blouse is made of one material throughout. Sleeves are cut in one with the body portion and a tuck is made in the center of the sleeve. The blouse is made of one material throughout. Sleeves are cut in one with the body portion and a tuck is made in the center of the sleeve.

Peasant Waist With Bolero Effect—Pattern No. 6971 and 6972 in sizes for misses 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

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